

Short stories collection

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Summary: OC Blake, Blister (nightfury / male) THIS IS A SHORT STORY COLLECTION! new chapters will be added (with other short stories) if requested! TOOTHLESS WILL BE INTRODUCED LATER. Rated M for graphic violence/gore .

1. Story 1: Symmetry

Hello. First of all, some basic things. My name is Blake, im a Nightfury.

>I won't tell you much more about me for now... you will know why.<p>

Symmetry

I love Symmetry. I'm not exactly sure why, but i've loved it since i was a Hatchling. Most Dragon hatchlings are messy and forgetfull about their personal treasures and findings. Not me. I knew everything has a place and in my Cove, everything was right where it belongs. My parents didn't have It. My grandparents didn't have It either. Not a single Dragon in my family had "It". I've started referring to it as "It" because I truly believe it's a thing inside me. A stowaway that shouldn't be there but lives inside me. It's a need. A desire. A longing to be perfect. Perfect on both sides. As an fully grown Nightfury, I'm at the point where I can't live my life normally. I can't keep a Constant life. Dragonesses don't stay with me because they can't handle It. Honestly, I don't care when they leave. They're messy and make things difficult. They roll over to my side of the nest instead of staying on their own. They leave bones in one side of the Cove but not the other. I can't work anymore so when they leave for the day, I have to stay home and fix everything. It's a relief when they leave for good. That feeling never lasts though, eventually It comes back and finds something else that needs fixing. You may be asking, why would I seek out relationships to begin with if I can't stand them? Well, it's hard for me to sleep in the middle of the nest all night without moving.

Other than the relationship problem, my life is pretty much in order. I say "pretty much" because there is one last issue that must be dealt with. You see I have what's called "Heterochromia Iridum" or two different colored eyes. My right eye was a glowing green, my left Cornflower blue. Both my parents have glowing green eyes, my siblings and cousins as well. My blue eye is the broken one. It makes me...unbalanced. Every time I look at myself in the lake, It stares right back at me. It's all I think about now. Everything is in its right place except my blue little mistake. It didn't hurt at first when I dug the stick under my eye. It didn't even hurt when it popped out and was hanging by my cheek. Was it shock that was keeping the pain away or was it "It"? I cut the optic nerve with a claw and blotted the warm fluids that were streaming down my face. My vision being cut in half was a strange sensation. What was left of the dangling flesh, I placed back in the now empty hole. I bandaged the wound with a couple of leaves ,threw the stick into the lake, and went to sleep.

I woke up...happy. I slept better than I had in years. It was finally done. I was fixed. I got out of the nest and stumbled to the cave exit. My body ached and my head was on fire. I exited the cave and the light was blinding. I slowly removed the leaves that was soaked with blood and was sticking to my face like tape. When I looked up to the lake, my stomach turned. Only then had I realized what I'd done to myself and I couldn't believe it. There was a hole in the left side of my face...but not the right. I was unbalanced. Again. I got angry, slashed at trees and rocks, damaging my claws badly .It was much harder digging out the second eye. My paws were shaky and when I dug the stick in, I missed several times, puncturing my pupil three times before I got it in the right place. Once the eye popped out, I reached for my optical nerve with my claw to finish the job. The rage attack from the morning had damaged my claws, so the claws didn't cut very well. You know when you were a hatchling and your mother made you chew meat with your extremely blunt teeth? Did you ever try to chew too many pieces at once but the blunt, stubby teeth couldn't take it? The teeth would kind of fold over each other and the meat would get pinned between them? That's what happened with my eye. The optic nerve was pinned between the two claws and kind of knotted around the claws. It was stuck and as I tried desperately and frantically to make it unstuck, I slipped on the blood and started falling to the floor. Reflexes kicked in and I let go of my eye to try to break my fall with my right paw, while the other still tangled into the nerve. the weight of the stuck paw on my hanging eye was unbearable. I knew I couldn't stand it long enough to make it to the rockpile to get a sharp rock. So I pulled. I pulled it straight out of my head. I felt the flesh tear from inside my skull. I felt it rip and spew liquids everywhere. I knew I was crying but there was no telling the tears from the blood from the ocular fluid. When I heard the wet slap of bloody flesh against the rocky floor, I knew I was done. I knew It was done. I could live my life now without having to see other dragons awful, messy, uneven lives. The relief washed over me and I knew it would last this time. I had never felt this way before, never had this much hope. As I laid at my lake on that cold, wet, sticky rock floor, I smiled for the first time in years.

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>Author note!<p>

So.. yes this was a short! if you would like more of those, tell me! i will be hapy making more of them!

>I got inspired by NoSleep to write this story!<p>

2. Story 2: Obsessive Compulsive

Hello. Before we begin, let me tell you some about me. My name is blister and im a Nightfury.

>I live in a lone cove with a lake. The humans who live in the village use to read Newspaper. the rest they got over, they drop down into my cove to get it rid of. i know how to read their language and i love to read the newspaper. My home is a cave, which has a small staircase into it formed by the nature.
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Obsessive Compulsive

Hello. I suffer from Obsessive Compulsive Disorder, which is an anxiety disorder in which people and Dragons have unwanted and repeated thoughts, feelings, ideas, or behaviors. In other words, my life is a a systematic pattern.

But yesterday, I experienced a flaw in my own system.

I awoke that morning in my lakeside home promptly at 6:45AM, as I do every morning. Before leaving my Cave I made sure to touch the left wall three times. I have to. I need to.

On my way outside, I made sure _not_ to step on the second to last step. I never touch that step. I just can't.

I made my usual breakfast of fish, berries, and water. I never eat anything else in the morning, just always those three.

Taking the newspaper, I made sure to check the local news headlines, like usual. But today, something was... Missing.

I couldn't place my paw on it. _Did I forget something?_ The strange feeling lingered with me all the way to the way that leads outside of the cove. On my way out the cove I made certain to touch the tree to the right, then scratch it, then touch it again.

walking the long road to village, I couldn't help but feel like a part of me was missing. _What did I miss? How could I possibly have missed it!_

I hoped that the feeling would surpass while at village that day. It didn't. It stayed with me for twelve whole hours. I left the village around 6:45PM to head back home.

About 25 minutes into my commute, I stopped for the transportation wagon to cross at west road to north road.

But as the wagon passed, I couldn't help but feel that strange sensation again. The only other creature near me was the man standing behind me. He yelled at me to get going, but instead of going on, I just motioned for him to go around me. He did.

I dreadfully stood there in the woods road, still stopped at the crossroad. Something is seriously wrong. What am I missing _here?_

I made sure to touch everything in my surrounding to three feet,

hoping that would spark my memory. I touched the ground, the rocks, the trees, and even the bush. It did nothing for me.

My body began to tremble as I slowly walked away. This isn't right. I don't like this.

Arriving home, I pulled my body to the lake. I wash myself every weekday, never on weekends. I only wash the front of my body, and the back. Never the sides. No matter how dirty they get, I never wash the sides. I simply just can't.

But something else seemed to be missing from my daily routine as I washed. _No! Not again! First the news, then the crossroad, now this?_

Finishing up with my body, I jogged out to the back part next to my cave. Only jog, never walk, never run.

Opening up the hole in my back "yard", I felt yet another thing missing from my pattern! I screamed.

"This isn't right! This isn't right! This isn't right!"

I stumbled out the backyard and gazed out at the lake. It always seemed to calm me when my anxiety got out of control. But tonight, all I wanted to do was sleep. I needed to finish this day.

The next morning, I awoke at 6:45AM. Touched the wall three times. Made sure not to step on the second to last step on my way to the outside. I prepared my fish, berries, and water. I fetched the newspaper. Checked the local news.

...It's still missing...

I became aggravated. What is it I could possibly be missing? I began to feel nauseous.

Hurrying out the cove in a vicious rage, I quickly touched the tree, scratched it, and touched it again. I walked off to village.

I tend to get a lot of things done when I'm upset, strangely. So at least I felt _some_ accomplishment when I left the village at 6:45PM.

I ran fast on my way home. Very fast.

What... am... I... missing...

I approached the crossroad from west road to north road.

C'mon...Think...Think!

A man was walking in the middle of the road, on his way to the other side.

Why can't I remember!?!

The man's head spun as he noticed a dragon coming straight for him at 85 miles per hour.

I noticed him too. A wave of horror crossed over my face as I watched him dive to one side.

I swerved into the same direction. A loud thump was made as I crushed the man underneath my bodyweight. i felt my claws in his body. _Oh God_

Jumping off of him, I hesitated on what to do. He lay there writhing in agony, making horrendous guttural wails.

I lowered myself to him, lifted the screaming man, and heaved him onto my back. I ran.

Upon entering my cove, I made sure to wash the blood off the front and rear of my body. The sides were not necessary.

After dragging his broken body out to the backyard, I thought of what to do. I dragged him further in my "backyard" and opened up the hole.

Dropping him into the hole was all that was left to do.

The following morning, I made sure to wake at 6:45AM and touch my wall three times before skipping the second to last step on my way to the outside. While eating my fish, berries, and water, I browsed the local news on The newspaper.

The top headline: Hit and Run Serial Killer Strikes Again.

I smiled.

Back to normal

3. Story 3: Doppelganger

Im Stanis. well.. I'm a Nightfury.

Doppelganger

I could feel him inside my head, burning, consuming, devouring. He crept through my entire body, dictating all that I did. It was like being constantly buried in sand up to your neck, unable to move your limbs without further entrenching yourself. For ten years, I felt as if I was always suffocating.

I watched him for what seemed like an eternity, living _my_ life in _my_ cove with _my_ mate, and each day I thought to myself that I had to get rid of this imposter, this _doppelganger_ that seized me from within and kept me from myself. I had to be rid of the being that had snatched my very existence from my grasp.

I tried to reason with him more than once. I begged, I cried, I pleaded. I implored him to release me, but to no avail. He had no intention of relinquishing control of my body. I'm not sure he even realized that the battered dragon in his dreams was the one he had usurped.

Soon I resorted to a more violent attitude - I would shout at him in

his sleep, attack him, trying to frighten him into giving up. If he was scared enough, I thought, he might abandon his efforts.

I had no luck for a very long time.

After a long while, though, he started to get neurotic and paranoid. At this point, he was desperate to keep his stolen body. He would talk to my mate of nightmares, of the feeling that something was haunting him or trying to possess him. He spoke as if I was the problem. It didn't take me long to figure out that he was misdirecting her - that he was using my voice to speak lies.

I persisted in my tactics, trying to scare him. It worked by inches. Every time I saw him in the lakes reflection, he looked more exhausted and less well-kept. The constant nightmares were taking a physical toll. I was weakening his grip.

He became so desperate, in fact, that he began reading things like "demonic possession" and "poltergeists" in the hoarded up books, looking for help. It was almost sad - there's not a whole lot out there on how to rid yourself of the original tenant of a body.

Of course, he didn't find anything.

But I did.

I saw the things he read, and I began to get ideas.

Slowly, as I pushed against him, I felt him beginning to slip. He started to grow disorganised, paranoid. He quit my friendships and barricaded himself in my hoard room, perching before a bookshelf as he searched desperately for help.

He ruined my life before I could get it back, spending months in that part of the cave with the corridor blocked. I think he was trying to discourage me, trying to convince me that the effort wasn't worth it. I had no more friends, no more mate, no more connections. But I didn't give up - I had spent too long trying.

I was gaining ground by miles now. I acquired control of my physical faculties once more. I could wiggle my tail or earfins for moments at a time. After practice, I could speak again, and eventually I learned to walk.

He couldn't keep me strangled.

This morning, I woke up to realize that he was gone. I had control again. I leapt to my feet and ran around the cave in disbelief, unblocking the corridor and tossing things in the air, reveling in a sense of pure ecstasy. I went for a swim, enjoying the feeling of the water on my body. When I emerged, I took a moment to breathe the natural-scented air, amazed that I was finally free.

Still grinning, I dipped my head into the water again and swiped the water off with a paw, but stopped dead the moment the water was clear from the waves.

"Please," my mouth was saying, over and over. "I just want my body back."

End
file.